

NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.

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AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The Drift
to
Democracy.

When the Journal a short time ago discovered, through one of the most thorough and accurate canvasses ever undertaken by a newspaper, that Van Wyck was leading Roosevelt by 37,000 votes in the State, it announced that this was an instantaneous photograph of a particular stage of a steady progress, that the Democratic strength was steadily increasing, and that by election day it might attain the proportions of the anti-Folger tidal wave.

This opinion has been verified. The Journal's second poll, whose results were published yesterday, showed that Van Wyck's plurality had grown to 72,000, and there is still time for it to reach the figures of the Cleveland vote of 1882.

What has set the drift running so strongly toward Democracy? The explanation is simple enough. Normally this is a Democratic year, in the nation, and preeminently so in New York. The misdeeds of the Republican administrations at Albany and Washington called insistently for a retribution that the people were ready to inflict. The only element of doubt was interjected into the situation by the sudden blaze of Colonel Roosevelt's military glory. In the first flush of enthusiasm people began saying that a man who could charge up a hill and drive Spaniards out of a block house ought to be Governor. But a campaign based on a sentiment like this must obviously have been strongest at the very beginning, when the sentiment was freshest, and with every day it lasted the solid, prosaic facts of politics must naturally obtrude themselves into increasing prominence.

Military glory is now taking its proper position in public estimation, as a thing to be admired and honored, but not necessarily to be rewarded with responsible civil offices demanding something other than military qualities. The people see that they are under no more obligation to make Colonel Roosevelt Governor for his charge at San Juan than they are to confer the same honor upon Mr. Creelman, of the Journal, for his charge of at least equal gallantry at El Caney. The Governorship of New York is a thing of solemn importance to New Yorkers, and it is not to be carelessly pinned on the breast of a Rough Rider as a red badge of courage.

The issue has now reverted to the simple question

whether the Democratic or the Republican party can be trusted to give better government to this State. Each of these parties has its traditions, its associations and its habits of action. The Democracy for a hundred years has been the party of the many. It has opposed special privileges for the few; it has stood for the greatest possible liberty of the citizen; it has fought for honesty, simplicity and economy in government. The Republican party, founded on an issue that was settled a generation ago, has been for thirty years the party of the classes that have sought to use the powers of government for private ends. Allying itself with all the trusts and corporations that have lived by bleeding the public, it has drifted naturally into official corruption. Canal steals, Raines laws, Force bills, juggling with franchises, Plattism, Algerism, Quayism and Hannaism are its logical fruits.

The Republican party has governed the State of New York after its kind for four years. Beginning with an honest Governor who could not resist the influences that enveloped him, it descended to a Governor to whom the evil deeds demanded of him were a labor of love. If it should now elect an honest Governor again the nature of the party and of its conduct of affairs would not be changed. The measure of its iniquities is full. The time has come when the people are resolved to take charge of their own government.

IS
NEW YORK
WIDE OPEN?

Of course many things go on in a great city that would be impossible in a village, but it seems to us that Mr. Croker makes a substantial point in defence of the present moral condition of New York when he cites the fact that no such abominations as the Seelye dinner have been known here since the reform administration went out of power.

Under the Strong administration the morals of the poor were regulated with an iron hand, but rich and cultured gentlemen were allowed to reproduce the revels of Neroian Rome in a sanctuary of fashion, and when some of them were indicted Police Commissioner Roosevelt exerted himself to enable them to escape punishment.

The town was not wide open then. It was merely ready to be opened with a golden key. The fact that no Seelye dinners have been heard of since Mayor Van Wyck took office seems to justify the conclusion that even this degree of openness does not exist at present.

What does Mr. Harper think about it?

THE
LANDSLIDE
COMING.

Three newspapers yesterday published estimates of the result of the election in this State. All of them foreshadowed the success of Van Wyck. The average of the three estimated pluralities was 42,050. Owing to the extreme care taken in its canvass, the Journal believes that its estimate of 72,050 will be found nearer the truth than this average. But the fact that three independent polls lead to the same general result is a good indication that we are on the eve of a Democratic landslide.

LET US ALL BE THANKFUL that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., will occupy the Goebel mansion through the coming season. It will be a cold, hard Winter for many folks, and it must be gratifying to every patriotic American citizen to know that this young man will be sheltered from the caprices of the weather.

THE
REPUBLICAN
RECORD.

Is the Republican party to be again intrusted with control of the State government? That is the vital question of the campaign now drawing to a close.

The personal failings of Colonel Roosevelt or Judge Van Wyck will have no bearing on the result. Nothing has been developed in this fierce contest that reflects upon the ability or moral character of either.

We must look beyond them for a paramount influence that will sway the people. It will be found in the record of the Republican party. It cannot be defended. Colonel Roosevelt, with all his straining at the leash, ignores it. His impetuosity pauses at the brink of the canal frauds. Mr. Platt, with his keen instinct for avoiding pitfalls, tells the Republican orators to forget it. Timothy Woodruff, feeling perhaps that partial responsibility for the neglect and mismanagement of the canal has been laid at his door, alone attempted a defence of Aldridge and was hissed by a Republican audience for his pains. The robbery of the canal funds is a crime that the Republicans must expiate.

The Raines law is a Republican measure. It was more than strictly enforced by Colonel Roosevelt as Police Commissioner. He believed in it then. He defends it now. The citizens of New York have not forgotten the harassments they were subjected to under the surveillance authorized by Colonel Roosevelt. Our foreign-born citizens, accustomed to temperate enjoyment with their families in cafes and gardens, will recall the Puritanical assault on their personal liberty. Their rebuke will be administered at the polls.

The Force bill is a bludgeon shaped by Platt to drive from the election booths enough Democrats to insure Republican success. It is a brutal, lawless attempt to intimidate a class of citizens that have neither the money nor the influence to defend themselves from its injustice. The Republican party is proud of this costly, partisan enactment, and Colonel Roosevelt utters no word of criticism upon it.

The high tax rate, the fruit of Republican extravagance and incompetency; the domination of the Legislature in the interest of every corporation that seeks to evade the law or to continue un molested its predatory attacks upon the people; the recognition of corrupt lobbyists; the inefficiency of Governor Black's administration—all this criminal record of rascality has been proved against the Republican party in the State.

It only remains for the people to judge it by its deeds and punish it accordingly.

In the face of this record, which was indorsed by the Republican State Convention, the success of the Democratic ticket should be assured.

The Democracy pledges its candidates to honesty and economy in public affairs. The Republicans are seemingly proud of their achievements and stand on their record.

Can they be trusted to punish the canal thieves or bring about reform in the conduct of the government?

DEPEW
IN
WONDERLAND.

The Republicans held a mass meeting in Brooklyn on Saturday night at which Timothy Woodruff and Chauncey M. Depew spoke. First Woodruff talked, and then Depew talked. And the audience—

They wept like anything to see such quantities of sand!

Dr. Depew's speech was amazingly comprehensive. The gravity of the political situation seemed to stir him to his innermost soul, and, to take liberties with an old friend—

"The time has come," the Doctor said, "To talk of many things: Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax—Of cabbages and kings—And why the sea is boiling hot—And whether pigs have wings."

After proving conclusively that the fall of Rome was due to the Democratic party, the versatile Doctor wound up with a clear explanation of the canal frauds, accompanied by the unanswerable argument:

"But, oh, beautiful nephew, beware of the day, When thy shark is a Boojum! for then, You will suddenly and silently vanish away And never be heard of again!"

The women in the audience were moved to tears, and the Hon. Timothy Woodruff pulled down his vest and sighed.

IBSEN AS
A
WARRIOR.

According to our esteemed contemporary, the Verdens Gang, of Christiania, Henrik Ibsen, the dramatist, has said:

"I am not so certain that the death of militarism would aid the progress and enlightenment of the world as the 'Car and his disciples changed from beasts to human beings in one or two terms in the barracks."

This view is not only unsound but extremely pernicious. Unfortunately, militarism is a barbaric, expensive necessity, but each

step toward such an enlightened condition of the human race as would render that institution superfluous must necessarily be a step of progress.

The barracks are excellent educators. Very true. So are reformatories, penitentiaries and other penal institutions. But if the money that has been spent in Europe in the past century for the erection and maintenance of barracks and the support of the other essential features of militarism had been devoted to a rigorous compulsory education of the young and the inculcation upon nations of the Golden Rule, there would be greater prosperity throughout that continent to-day.

If all the money which our late war has cost both us and Spain had been spent during the past century in educating Spaniards to the point where they would have understood such things as Justice and Equality and Liberty, which our duty to humanity compelled us to teach them, Spain to-day would not be struggling for bare existence as a nation, and thousands of brave men who now sleep their last, eternal sleep would still be among the living and the happy.

As long as prejudice and greed and tyranny are nourished among nations, militarism is a ferocious necessity. But, instead of exalting it above its proper sphere, were it not more becoming in a man of Ibsen's influence to urge the eradication of those evils that render its maintenance a necessity and the substitution for its advantages of the more lasting and beneficent advantages of widespread education?

A
DEMOCRATIC
LEGISLATURE.

He wants a Republican colleague in the United States Senate. If he can prevent the Legislature from going Democratic he will be able to replace Edward Murphy with some mediocre politician who will wear the Platt collar as a badge of honor.

To be able to dictate legislation at Albany is necessary to the successful exploiting of Platt's political schemes. In this way he can give some return for corporation favors. Paying dividends on campaign contributions from the monopolies that do not want to be annoyed by legislative inquiry is an old trick of Platt's.

The Democrats can prepare for a determined battle in every legislative district. It will require united and intelligent effort to dislodge the Republicans. It is no time to foment factional strife. The sinking of personal ambitions and the furtherance of party supremacy is the duty of every good Democrat.

The re-election of Edward Murphy is demanded by every personal and party consideration. It is a debt of honor due him from the Democracy of New York, and it should be paid with interest.

Senator Murphy, modest, earnest and honest, possesses the sterling virtues that endear him to the masses. His simplicity of character is joined to a rugged devotion to principle. He is manly, generous-hearted and courageous. And above all his devotion to Democratic truth never flags.

Redeem the Legislature and reward Senator Murphy.

PROFESSOR
NORTON'S
LAMENT.

There is woe in the house of the Mugu wump and unappeasable sorrow in the heart of the Small American. Professor Charles Eliot Norton refuses to be comforted. He beats his contracted breast and sighs, "Woe is me!"

It is all about the "New America" that has thrust its annoying progressiveness into Professor Norton's sacred presence. He has been warning the graduates' club of Harvard College against the "brutal tendencies" that will be encouraged by the recognition of force as the last appeal. He is sure we are going to be "a military nation," don't you know, and the mere thought of such a thing quite prostrates him.

The absence of leaders able to guide "the ignorant, uninformed, inflammable populace" is little short of a calamity, in Professor Norton's opinion, and the only remedy for this chaos of prospective carnage and revolution into which we are plunging is: "The whole system of government needs to be revised and reorganized."

Professor Norton also strongly advocated leaving the Philippines to the care of Spain.

There is not so much danger to be feared from the "New America" as from the Small Americans, so ideally typified by Professor Norton. The destiny of a great nation which leads it into a war for humanity and crowns it with a victory that brings the material blessings of new domains and broad empires of usefulness is not to be deplored. There are tides in the affairs of nations which if taken at the flood sweep on to grand achievements.

And the Society for the Suppression of Patriotism, and all the sneering crowd of bloodless things that follow its teachings, cannot stay that onrushing tide.

THE CO-OPERATIVE COAT. WINIFRED BLACK ON SOCIETY'S LATEST FAD.

THE co-operative coat is coming to town. Score one for the striking tailors. Who has been talking to these tailors? They've been learning a whole lot about business methods.

"Geschefft," says the prophet of the second-hand business.

"Geschefft lat geschefft"—and the striking tailors have just found it out.

They've stopped talking vague truisms about the dignity of labor and gone to talking about the awful prices the men tailors ask for their coats.

They've stopped wallowing over slave drivers, and they've gone to telling just what a shocking lot of money those slave drivers have been making out of their customers.

They've stopped talking about the tencements and the fevers and they're told a scandalized world that a certain tailor made a personal profit of just \$75 on a coat which he made for Mrs. Goebel and \$85 on a coat which he made for Mrs. Goebel, and they've been adding and subtracting and multiplying and dividing until all the world and his wife knows just the insignificant price a well-dressed woman pays for material and work and just the enormous price she pays for style.

All of which is what a newspaper man calls a "live story," and it has aroused an interest and a practical co-operation that all the abstract truths and philanthropic facts would not effect in a decade of "sensational exposures."

This state of things is quite human, and not at all discreditable.

It's all very tender and sympathetic and humane to shed tears for the grief of another, but there comes a time when the kindest friend sits up, dries his tears and says, "Well, now, what can I really do for you? Nothing? Oh, I'm so sorry, really. I can't cry any more to-day."

Every other man and woman in New York has seen the flims and knows all about the heart-sickening misery of them.

There's no new tale to tell of hunger, and sickness, and soul-cramping despair—the whole dreadful business has been aired so often, and so long, and with such an insistent clamor for sympathy and for the help that does not help that the whole city is just at the point where it says:

"Well, what can we do for these things?" and this time the tailors have been ready with an answer.

They have had a definite plan which calls for definite help—and they're going to get it.

Half the smart women in New York have written to the "Consumers' League" and said that they are quite ready to do anything practical they can to help the men and women who make their clothes to get

PAYING FOR SOCIAL FAVORS.

WE all know that in Paris, as also in London, and in New York there are individuals of both sexes belonging to the highest circles of society who derive profit and accept rewards for introducing people of plebeian birth, but possessing wealth, into their own set.

Sometimes the consideration for this social sponsorship is in the form of jewelry or in the shape of a ground floor entrance to some remunerative venture in stocks. But in the majority it is a question of hard cash, and to the initiated in New York, in London and in Paris the names and identity of the men and women who employ means of this kind to add to their resources is no secret.

Society itself in the three cities in question is disposed to make fun of this species of trade and tolerates it good humoredly, on the ground, probably, that if the parvenues ambitions of social eminence did not contribute to the maintenance of those members of society whose means are strained it is society itself that would be expected to put its hand into its pocket for their relief.

Queen Victoria, however, does not take this view, and within the last few months three ladies of title, one of them a peeress of the realm, have received a curt intimation in Her Majesty's name from the Lord Chamberlain that they would no longer be permitted to appear at court owing to it having been ascertained that they had accepted money as a remuneration for presenting people at court and for sponsoring them in society.

In Paris, however, matters have even gone still further, and it remains to be seen whether London and New York will follow suit, for the newspapers in Paris are actually publishing advertisements offering, in return for the payment of certain fixed terms, the introduction of individuals of plebeian origin, of respectable character and of wealth, to a certain number of aristocratic Parisian salons.

It is added that the money thus obtained will be devoted to the relief of people of plebeian birth who have been overtaken by evil days. A certain fee will be charged for the presentation to the mistress of the house, and a smaller fee in a case where the person admitted to the salon does not wish to go to the expense of a full-fledged presentation and is content with the privilege of merely gazing upon the upper ten thousand of Parisian society, and of mingling with dukes, marquises, counts and their stately dames, and last, but not least, of having their names included in the newspaper lists of the people who have

been present in the salons of this or that great lady.

Among the women of rank who have consented to throw open their salons in return for cash are the Duchesse de Uzès, the Dukedom of Uzès being, as everybody knows, the premier peerage of France; the Vicomtesse de Janze, the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, the Marquise de Casa Ilera and several others of equal light and leading.

It is to the Vicomtesse de Janze that belongs the credit for the new form of extracting money from the pockets of the parvenu rich for the benefit of the blue-blooded poor. It may be remembered that some months ago she threw open to a paying public the picture galleries of her beautiful Parisian mansion, the fees of admission being devoted to the relief of the Spanish sailors and soldiers wounded in the late war.

So enormous was the crowd which flocked to the Janze mansion on that occasion—a crowd composed in the main of people belonging to the new rich class and to the moneyed element glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of being seen in the salons of Madame de Janze—that the latter came to the conclusion that this eagerness of wealthy plebeians to be seen in the salons of the noble Fanbourg might be turned to good account.

Accordingly she communicated with her friends on the subject, and the advertisement now running in the Parisian papers is the result of this innovation, which is enough to petrify the ghosts of the great ladies of past generations, whose salons were the resort only of the wisest, the witliest and the most accomplished of French and foreign patricians.

As soon as ever Parliament meets at Westminster legislation is to be submitted to the House providing for the removal to the Public Record office of the nation of all those parish registers which ever since the days of the Reformation, three hundred years ago, have remained in the custody of either the clergyman of the parish or else of his sexton, who as often as not has been and still is a mere drunken and ignorant peasant.

From time immemorial the law reports have demonstrated how numerous are the vital questions of legitimacy, of rights of succession, of the disposal of property of the greatest value and of the inheritance of peerages, which have hinged upon the entries in these books prior to the system of civil registration of births, marriages and deaths, which only dates from the year 1837.

Owing to the peculiar conditions which

PARVENUES BUYING THEIR
WAY INTO SOCIETY.

have hitherto governed the custody of all these old parish registers relating to periods prior to 1837, they are, and have been until now, at the mercy of any plausible scoundrel who, either for the purpose of faking a pedigree, perpetrating a fraudulent claim, or destroying the evidences of a rightful one, has wormed his way into the confidence of the parson, or who has either bribed or stupefied with drink the sexton.

The revelations furnished by the extraordinary pedigree case now occupying the attention of the criminal court in London, where a London physician is shown to have tampered with the ancient parish registers of Manorsfield, near Bristol, to have removed certain pages and to have substituted others which he had forged in their stead, with the object of obtaining money by means of fraud from a Colonel Shipway, of Chiswick, who was bent on proving his descent from a family of the same name which flourished in the west of England during the days of Oliver Cromwell.

A great social change will be brought about in Cuba through the termination of Spanish rule. This is the right to Cuban titles of nobility. Cuban titles of nobility are distinct from those of Spain, precisely in the same manner that Irish peerages are distinct from English peerages, and inferior in rank thereto.

Cuban titles of nobility have repeatedly been conferred by the Crown of Spain upon the people—Spaniards as well as Cubans—who were not considered worthy of being invested with any titles of the mother country, and for this reason have always been treated with a certain amount of contempt, not only in Spain, but likewise in Cuba itself.

The fate of Cuba is either the constitution of an Independent Cuban Republic or the incorporation of the Islands in the United States. In one event or the other, the Cuban nobility will come to an end, since the fundamental principles of a republic are opposed to the existence of nobiliary titles. It remains to be seen how the Cuban aristocracy will relish this loss.

The Hon. Roland Leigh, whose marriage to Miss Mabel Gordon, daughter of General W. W. Gordon, of Savannah, takes place in the latter city on Sunday next, is the third member of the ancient and illustrious house of Leigh to marry an American. The Hon. Roland, who is a member of the Bar, has his elder brother, heir to the Leigh peerage, married to Miss Beckwith, of New York, while his uncle, Dean Leigh, is married to a daughter of the late Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

THE PASSING OF A MASTER. A TRIBUTE TO A GREAT ARTIST.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES'S death in Paris on Tuesday was sadder to art lovers than all the fears of war about Fashoda that were intense there. His work was equivalent to that of the epic poet, who expressed in the days when men were naive the great achievements in battles of nations.

There is no epic poet nowadays and there cannot be one, for the minds of men are too learned and logical. But the great old painter had the ability to impress the representation of a phase of life on canvas with the mysterious charm of something that is not in life. He made men live life and believe that it was beautiful.

He was in the first rank of the masters who began their career as painters with the taste for elevated work, the gift of composition, the sentiment of color, harmony and beautiful lines, and developed their qualifications in spite of insuperable temptations to neglect them. Young painters know these temptations well.

At competitive exhibitions they seem apt, and are apt in fact, at representing epic scenes, aspects of the eternal drama, terrifying and grand pages of history. They are laureated, they receive premiums. They go to Rome, to Spain, to Greece and to Africa; they ask advice of Raphael, of Michael Angelo, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Murillo, of Velasquez.

They see the skies under which Pompey fought, the place where Cleero spoke, the one where Caesar was killed, they visit the palace of the Moors, they relish the coolness of convents wherein the strength of faith made servants of angels. They call at Sparta branches of pine laurel near the silver waves of Leda. In Africa they ascend the mountains shaded with pines and olive trees that the steps of the gods traversed.

They return to Paris, London, New York—what do they paint? Delicious little, very little, pictures, pretty, amusing, ingenious, skilful, where a model shows her gown in a room enlivened with transcendental art objects. And then? That is all. The promised great painters have become dealers in fancy goods. If they think at times of their apostasy, they console themselves by repeating the word modestly and others that are entirely destitute of common sense.

In any case, they have renounced a glorious future and they have time well. Were it not for that renunciation the picture dealers would pay them nothing, they could not live in palaces, the great picture buyers would not fight in the auction room around one of their pictures, small as a dinner plate, with a frame running like a furnace. Paint subjects of the Bible or of the

Had any you become a simple, great man, priced, attacked, discussed, and compelled to live on \$3,000 a year, like a poor man. That was Puvie de Chavannes's fate. He had the force of character to enjoy it, the genius to make of it an enviable example. That is why the pictures that he has painted for the walls of the Boston Public Library are ethically regarded as among the greatest acquisitions of our country.

They are admirable enough in themselves. They represent the "Musae Greeting the Genius of Eulogization," "Pastoral, Epic, Dramatic and Lyric Poetry," "Philosophy, Astronomy and History." They are splendidly emblematic. They present the figures of Virgil, Homer, Aeschylus, Plato in absolute precision. They appear there in the amazing harmony of lines and colors, in the wonderful skillfulness of grouping that have made of Puvie de Chavannes an idol of purely technical artists.

There were in his order for these decorations of the Boston Public Library a reticence in detailed instruction, a confidence in his ability that inspired him highly. He was enthusiastic about the work, and there was not a moment in its accomplishment that worried him. His friends heard him say, afterward, one evening when he had spoken of the idols of Theocritus with the learning of a professional poet:

"Would you have great historical painters? There is nothing easier. Take artists who have been well instructed, give them a little money and a great deal of freedom. Surrender to them the immense walls of railway stations, schools, hippodromes and public buildings. Do not ask them, 'Can you cover with a beautiful painting fifty yards of this wall?'"

"They must be capable of doing that."

"Jules II. did not ask Michael Angelo if he knew how to paint frescoes. Jules II. gave his orders to Michael Angelo in the tone with which one gives an order to a carpenter to saw planks. It was only in the National Guard of the time of Louis Philippe that a corporal, anxious to preserve the forms of politeness, said to a private, 'Sir, will you have the kindness to carry arms?' It was pitiful to see how that arm was carried."

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

WANTED IT STOPPED

She—Oh, John, see how beautifully the conductor lent s.

John (with no love for classical music)—Hum, I should think it needed a brakeman more than a conductor.—Burlington Free Press.